

SALLY SLISBURY

42

GARLAND,

Containing Four excellent new SONGS:

- I. Sally Slisbury Farewel to her Sister in
Dun-y-Linn.
- II. Celia's Complaint against Damer's Un-
constancy.
- III. Damer's Constancy, Or, an Answer to
the *Tribe* Hov!
- IV. A Dialogue between two Lovers:



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SALLY SALISBURY

To the Tune of Venus Trade.

O F all the Girls of *Venus* Game.
 There ne're was one that was so
 (said
 For Lords and Knights of high Degree
 Repairs to *Sally Salisbury*.

The Place I take of Ladies bright,
 I with their Lords lye all the Night,
 I please them with my Humour free,
 O the charming *Sally Salisbury*.

I with my loose and wanton Charms,
 Delude these Heroes to my Arms
 If they bring the Gold they may be free
 To charming. &c.

I dress in Gold and Jewels bright,
 Which is adorning to the sight,
 Like to a Lady of high Degree
 O the charming. &c.

My Footmen likewise to attend
 That for my Lovers I might send,
 I touch with none but Quality,
 O the charming, &c.

My Sisters of my Calling sute
 They by no Means could me endure
 For all their Lovers came to me,
 O the charming, &c.

There is a many will lye down,
 For a poor Taster or a Crown,
 But they shall bring their Gold to me,
 O the charming, &c.

But I've colids'd my Morning Sun,
 By which I fear I am undone
 I wounded him that loved me,
 O the charming, &c.

Curs'd be the Knife that gave the Blow
 Which caus'd his precious Blood to flow,
 To die for him I could be free,
 O the charming, &c.

See how the Beaus in Coaches Ride
 To Newgate where poor Sally lyes
 The Lawyers Buck their for their Fees,
 O the charming, &c.

But if I living vvh t can you say
 Did ever Whore live more say
 I touch vvhith none but Quality,
 O the charming, &c.

The Irish Howl.

Remember *Damon* you did tell,
In chaffery you lov'd me well,
But now alas, I am undone,
And here am left to make my moan,
Haugh bora. in ambora, ho an ho derry,
ki an ki derry,
Hos boo derry derry, derry, derry ambora.
So doleful Snares I will remove,
Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
Whose poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,
In lonely Walls of willow green.
Haugh, bora, &c.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue,
Such soft persuasive Language hung,
That when his Words had Silence broke,
You would have thought an Angel spoke.
Haugh, bora, &c.

You happy Nymph who'er she be,
That now enjoys my charming He,
For Oh, I fear it to my Cost,
He has found the Heart that I have lost,
Haugh, bora, &c.

Beneath the fairest Flower on Earth,

A Snake may Hide or take its Birth,
To his false Breast conceal it did,
His Heart the Snake that there lay hid
Haugh bora, &c.

'Tis false who says we happy are,
Since Men delight our Hearts to ensnare
In Man no Woman can be blest,
Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a jest
Haugh bora, &c.

Ye Gods in pity to my Grief,
Send me my *Damon* for relief,
Return that wild delicious Boy,
Whom once I thought my Spring or Joy
Haugh bora, &c.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grov
But is a Witness of my Love.

Each repeat my plaintive Moans,
The Waters imitate my Groans,
The Trees their bending Boughs recline
And droop their Heads as I do mine.

Damon's Confessy. Tune of Irish Howl

What is it grieves my charming fair
My *Celia* shall no longer bear,
The Grief which thou hast underwent,
I am come to ease thy Discontent.

Thou art charming Love is warming
 And delighting, most inviting,
 Now, now, pretty pretty *Celia*,
 how shall happy be.

Celia the fairest of all Maids,
 nor hath my women in doleful shade,
 since that thy Damsel don't complain,
 for I will be thy constant Swain.

Thou sayst that I did dote on thee,
 at the first time I did you see,
 now I was wounded to the heart,
 by little pretty *Chloe's* Dart.

I hear thy pretty charming Voice,
 say, That I had another Choice,
 for Love, you wrong me I declare,
 for none I love but *Celia* fair.

My heart is constant in my Breast,
 not like a Snake or Venum Nest,
 the Turtle Doves can never be

more constant than my Heart to thee,
 Why do you rail against young Men.
 And say there is not one in Ten,

but what proves false to Women-kind,
 that Thing in me you ne'er shall find,
 my Honey, Love, and Soul's delight,
 the Gods of Love shall us unite,

And

And clasp us in each others Arms,
In Love's delightful pleasant Charms.
The Gods of Love could never say,
That e'er I did a Nymph betray,
From *Calia* Arms I'll never fly,
In Love with thee I'll live and die.
The pretty Birds that haunt the Grove,
Shall commodate us in our Love
And on our joyful Wedding Day,
The Drums shall beat, and Musick play,
Being Wedded, they were Bedded
In great Pleasure, out of Measures
Hallow, happy, happy, may they ever be

A DIALOGUE between two Lov

ONE Morning fair as I was a walkin
Most pleasant the Birds was a fin
It was beneath a shady Forrest,
There I thought to meet my Dearest
Fal, &c.

Long in that Place I did not tarry,
Before my dearest Dear came to me,
Where she made my Heart so merry
As if she had been Sack and Chirrey
Fal, &c.

Good Morrow Damsel fair and prett
For singing of your Song so sweetly.

the Answer that she made me,
I am too young to Marry.

Fal. &c.

We did not talk of Wars and Plunder;
for how the roaring Carous'd Thunder,
at we talk'd of *Mars* and *Venus*,
gave Discourses past between us.

Fal. &c.

But if the Sport had longer lasted,
then she'd be the more contented,
hilst we were together sporting,
I lay on my Breast a Fainting.

Fal. &c.

'Tis there I receiv'd her Charms all over
see all I could Discover,
then I gave her Cordial Liqueur,
which revived her quicker.

Fal. &c.

And Sir I thank you for your Liqueur,
which has made my Pulse go quicker;
then they parted well contented,
what he gave her, did she repent it:

Fal. &c.

